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THE MESSAGE TO GARCIA

ANDREW PRICE AT COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES AT HILLSBORO

I come here as a duly licensed retailer of a lie. I do not know any occasion equal to this to give good advice. I know that it falls on stony ground in most cases, and in others the tares choke it later, but as long as time shall last, grey headed men will stand up before classes of young people in their commencement exercises and fire advice upon their devoted heads, until they cry for mercy.

It is a poor weak way of trying to impress you with your opportunity, and to try to make you realize that when you have topped the hill, that you will groan in spirit and be troubled because you did not make the most of your opportunities and so prepare for an old age "serene and bright, and lovely as a Lapland night."

Some of you who are here before me tonight will live to see the day when a generation yet unborn will rise up and call you blessed. On the other hand, some of us face unknowingly and unafraid, some awful tragedy such as goes to making the sum total of human life. We are all in the fell clutch of circumstance. We are not entirely masters of destiny, but there is one rule that we can observe, and one that will bring us through credibly in the great majority of cases, and that is: As you travel along the road of life and come to the places that the roads fork, always turn to the right.

The trouble about occasions of this kind is that while the speaker always gives good advice, he rarely, if ever, inspires conduct in his hearers. It is like vaccination which does not take. Words fifty spoken are like apples of gold in baskets of silver, is the way an Eastern poet has phrased it. But we never know when the hearer will be inoculated with the germs of wisdom by which he is surrounded.

I think that abstract instances are more practical in an argument than glittering generalities. For the last quarter of a century, my life has been to attend to business matters for myself and others on a vast number of occasions. When I was twenty-one, I was talking with Dr. Newton Craig, a distinguished native son of Pocahontas county who was at that time an old man, and one whose name was known from one end of the country to the other. He remarked that when he was a boy that he had heard Col. Paul McNeel say, that a man should never allow himself to be too busy to receive money. That stray bit of wisdom touched the crazy bone, and since that time it has occurred to me in innumerable cases, where there have been interruptions of this kind in moments of important work or play, and after a full rest I am prepared to say that it is a bit of instruction that has no flaw in it. And as we travel along and our characters form we find that from time to time seeds of this kind fall when the soil is right and that we make up for ourselves rules of conduct.

I think the most terrible illustration of life that I have ever seen is the one that likens the course to a road over a hill. The first half is slow work. Up the hill you go seeing but a short way before you, until at middle life you stand upon the summit and suddenly see all the rest of the way plain before. I think I was standing square upon the summit at the very time that this thought was presented to me in the works of

the mighty dead, and I was very much affected by it. It may have come to me in what they call the psychological moment. But the man on the summit, though a fool, is in a position to convey some information to those who are toiling upward. To put it tersely, you young people had better so live and improve your mental and physical health that you can stand the jar when it comes to you, and you realize that you are going down hill.

I know it is possible to impress the young with solemnity of life. Thirty-five years ago I heard a man who was then going down hill and who, by the way, is still living, speak of his experience upon reaching the summit. He found himself alone in the forest on his thirty-fifth birthday, and the thought came to him with a great rush, that he had already spent half of the three score years and that the scripture allots to man. It made an impression on me, though I saw through a glass darkly. If you could only know how you could better yourselves by shaping your lives right at this time, you would save yourselves much misery and vain regrets hereafter.

The years that go so slow and pile up so fast!

One of the greatest impressions made upon my young mind was the implicit trust and confidence placed in Lieut. Rowan when he was entrusted with an important message to Gen. Garcia. Rowan was an army officer and a native of the nearby county of Monroe. Gen. Garcia was in Cuba in an inaccessible place and to get a message to him it was necessary to suffer great peril and privation. A hostile country had to be traversed and the country itself offered unusual difficulties. In order that the insurgent general could operate in harmony with the forces of the United States, it was necessary that he have word. The messenger was chosen with great care as to his fidelity and as a man who would not undertake anything he did not carry out. The messenger succeeded in reaching Garcia; the plans of the army chieftain succeeded and Elbert Hubbard recognizing the rare qualities of dependability that caused Rowan to be chosen, wrote a book about it and called it "Message to Garcia."

And in this way fame came to the West Virginian. Ever since among the cognoscenti, the highest praise that can be given a fellow mortal is to say that he is the kind of a man that should be selected to carry a message to Garcia. It means that he can be depended upon. There is no sun too fierce; no night too dark; no hill too high; no river too deep; no storm too wild; no way too long to turn him from his purpose, or to keep him from fulfilling a promise that he has made.

This quality is often overlooked by the young person. They are too prone to promise to be in two places at the same time; too frequently they make a promise with a mental reservation not to keep it if it should thereafter appear that it does not suit their personal convenience. After a time they are the victims of the habit of broken promises and they are known and passed by as persons in whom no dependence can be put. Their promises are broker's promises, that is, are like the promises of a certain class of unreliable persons of Shakespeare's times.

At another place in Shakespeare, Lucio, after waiting two hours upon an appointment with Claudio receives word that his friend has been arrested and con-

demned to death, and Lucio says: "Believe, this may be; he promised to meet me two hours since and he was ever precise in promise keeping."

There is an ancient Latin maxim: The promise of a good man becomes a legal obligation.

It seems to me this ability or habit of keeping promises is the one important part of our natures over which we have complete control, and the confidence it begets in our fellow men is more than gold. It is the credit that every mature person desires to establish in the country in which he lives. It means all the difference that lies between success and failure.

Rudyard Kipling sees in this fidelity of purpose the difference that lies between the human being and the monkey. The monkeys are noisy and active, but carry out no continuing plans. They are immensely interested in the present and their attention is instantly diverted. They have no history and no plan for the future. They are monkeys, and we are men.

Men are not the only providers for the future, so that alone can not account for their superiority over the beasts. Ants, bees, squirrels and other animals provide carefully for the future. The one thing that man has not in common with the lower animals is a rule whereby he promises his fellow being that sometime in the future that he will do or refrain from doing a certain act, and according to the way that he lives up to his promises, is his stand fixed in the circles in which he moves.

All the activities of government center around promise breaking. The wars that are fought, and the cases that are tried in courts, have to do with promises that are broken. No man is tried for his life or his liberty, but it is on the question of whether he has kept his implied promise to observe the law of the land.

Today the world is drenched in blood because Germany broke its written promise not to invade Belgium, declaring that a scrap of paper should not stand in the way of desire. And Belgium saved the world from tyranny and oppression by keeping her contract with the nations and holding the great armies of Germany until civilization had time to arm.

Another thing that comes to me from the dim past as having impressed me at the time and which has not faded from my memory was the pledge that a certain nobleman gave to an orphan boy's mother, in "Westward Ho!" And he swore, by oak, and ash, and thorn, that he would be a father to the boy, and would teach him to ride a horse, to draw a bow and to speak the truth.

In this, we have exemplified the power to control power; the use of weapons of precision and high character. A man who had been well taught in these three things was chosen to carry a message to Garcia.

We hear a good deal about hands of iron and hearts of oak, but it is a good deal like that old quotation used to confute those boasts of strength: Solid as ocean foam, says ocean foam.

Life has no stability except such as shines through the earthly confines from the soul of man. The earthly house of this tabernacle will be dissolved, but the soul lives forever. As Carlyle says: Everywhere the human soul stands between a hemisphere of light and another of darkness; on the confines of two everlasting hostile empires; Necessity and Freewill.

Material life is but the superficial phenomena of arrested radiation, upon the outer crust of a cooling nebula, and unless we are to be beasts that perish, we must guard, guide, and train that mentality that we call our soul, so that other men will say: He is a valuable man—he can be depended upon.

Just at this time the young men of the country are being tried in the furnace of war. For many years we have been living in a fool's paradise, in which we all

said that war belonged to a barbarous age. And war broke upon the world between two days and the rivers of Europe have run with blood. The wisdom of the elder men broke down, and they had to call upon the younger men of fighting age to save the country.

The United States has been drawn into this war. We go into it to preserve those rights guaranteed by international law, under which the world became more nearly perfect than ever before, and which caused us to believe that the day was past in which men had to fight for their rights. Now we are not sure but what two men could get up a fight over the way to spell peace.

The inglorious acts of peace are relegated to the background. The fidelity of the citizen is being tested. We are confident that the citizens of America are to be depended upon, and that each man who is worthy to be called a man has highly resolved to serve his country to the limit of his capacity and endurance.

If you will permit it, I want to give you three quotations that I have pasted on the desk where I work, for I think that in each there is that which struggles for expression in every one of us.

Out of the night that covers me, Black as the pit from pole to pole, I thank what ever gods may be, For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance, Black as the pit from pole to pole, Under the bludgeonings of chance, My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond the place of wrath and tears Looms but the horror of the shade, And yet the menace of the years Finds, and shall find me, unafraid; It matters not how straight the gate, How charged with punishment the scroll, I am the master of my fate, I am the captain of my soul.

In an age of fops and toys, Wanting wisdom, void of right, Who shall I nerve heroic boys? To hazard all in Freedom's fight— Break sharply off their jolly games, Forsake their comrades gay, And quit proud homes and youthful dames,

For fame, toll and fray? Yet on the nimble air bent go, Speed nimbler messages, That waft the breath of grace divine, To hearts in sloth and ease; So near is grandeur to our dust, So near is God to man, When Duty whispers low, "This thou must do,"

The youth replies, "I can."

Your flag and my flag, and how it flies today, In your land and my land and half a world away;

Rose red and blood red, its stripes forever gleam, Snow white, and soul white, the stars for fathers' deers; Sky blue and true blue, with stars that gleam aright; The gloried guidon of the day, a shelter through the night.

Your flag and my flag and oh, how much it holds, Your land and my land, secure within its folds; Your heart and my heart beat quicker at the sight, Sun kissed and wind tossed, the red, blue and white.

The one flag, the great flag, the flag for me and you, Glorifies all else beside, the red, white, and blue.

HILLSBORO

Henry Beard was painfully hurt by being thrown from a horse one day last week, and he is still unable to walk.

Miss Mamie Svidenstriker has returned from Richwood where she taught music.

Miss Smith has returned to her home in Virginia. She was accompanied by her little niece, Virginia.

Miss Mabel Fuller has gone to Charlottesville to spend the summer.

Mrs. Thomas E. Smith was at Danmore last week with friends and relatives.

Richard Raine, of Rainelle, is spending a few days at the home of O. B. Davis.

Mrs. J. K. Marshall has returned from a trip in Virginia.

Miss Mary Kincaid is at her home in Frankford.

H. M. Harr has bought A. W. Hill's house and lot.

W. A. Browning has bought a number of lots adjoining his property from A. W. Hill.

A Game of Chance

No man knows today what will happen before tomorrow's sun goes down. His house, his goods, his chattels, may go up in smoke before the midnight bell has changed. Make provision against such a catastrophe. Get insured and keep insured on house and household effects in a reliable company one which pays its fire losses and pays them promptly and sleep's nights assured that, whatever happens, a burned out home or store doesn't mean irrevocable ruin. We represent the leading fire insurance companies.



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STORY OF AN ARMY DOG

(Civil War)

In a very interesting book, entitled "War Talks of Confederate Veterans" Dr. John Herbert Claiborne figures, who says: When in the memorable campaign of 1864, Lee and Grant confronted each other in the trenches at Petersburg, (Eastern Virginia, twenty odd miles south of Richmond,) I was in the city, assigned to duty as senior surgeon or executive officer in charge of all general military hospitals at this post. April 2nd, 1865, the long struggle ended. The panorama of trenches, fierce fighting, columns of uniformed and non-uniformed men in battle line, shells exploding, cannon booming, musketry rattling, the wounded, dying, dead, moved on; and the city of Petersburg, the whole Confederacy as well, had fallen. Dr. Claiborne continues: "I received my orders to leave the city and take with me such surgeons, hospital attaches, etc., as I could. Among the servants was a sprightly colored lad, whom his mother (one of my own slaves) had with many imprecations and adjurations, to 'follow Master to the end of the earth and never come back unless master came back.' Mounting my horse, I slowly followed my little party, crossed the river and on the night of Ettrick, took one last look at Petersburg as it was. Here I overtook my cortège, and mustering them found one absentee. This was a bob tailed, bob-eared, rough haired Scotch terrier about twelve years old, who had seen no little service and showed it. He was irritable, selfish, frail as to virtue, his name disagreeably looked with many scandals, but full of faith in his master, and irrevocably attached to his master's fortunes or misfortunes.

I had given my chief of ambulance order, that whoever was left behind, Jack should go and transportation furnished him. Jack thought too much of himself to walk, and had ridden more thousands miles, and had fallen out of more vehicles and been run over oftener than any other dog in the world. I asserted this with the fear of contradiction. Jack had few friends and little capacity for making friends. Some trouble had arisen, I suspect, between the dog and chief of ambulance, and hence Jack was left behind.

"Return at once to the city," I said, "and bring my dog or fall into the hands of the enemy with him." The man looked at me a minute as if he questioned such an order, but four years of discipline and order had not lost its force on the first night of retreat, and he returned to retrace his steps to Petersburg.

I never expected to see him again, but late at night after we had gone into camp, he returned on horse back (he had borrowed a horse) and was leading Jack by a chain of white handkerchiefs. I did not enquire about the horse, but having some curiosity about the handkerchiefs, as to where he got them, ventured to ask.

"Well, sir," he said, "they are breaking up everything in town and robbing the stores, and I found these handkerchiefs at the head of Old street."

We were very tired after the stirring incidents of the day and most of us were soon asleep. But speedily awakened by heavy artillery and musketry on our right, threatening pursuit and capture. So we thought best to break camp and continue our march. One tremendous explosion caused such panic that Jack sleeping on my blanket at my side, became demoralized and sought individual safety in individual flight. As he disappeared in the darkness I never expected to see him again, and never did until after my return some two months later to Petersburg, when he was the first one of my acquaintance to meet and greet me. His subsequent history I need not relate. He was a poor soldier, always left the line when the firing began, impelled by thirst or some other consideration of a personal nature; but his services in civil life entitled him in my belief to the rites of civil burial, and you will find his grave in the section marked "Claiborne" of the old historic Blanford Cemetery, Petersburg, and his epitaph in the 3rd chapter of Ecclesiastes, 20th and 21st verses.—From "War Talks." A. L. P.

A German carp was found dead in Greenbrier River at Seebert last week. It was two feet long and weighed twenty pounds.

The teachers' institute will be held at Marlinton, beginning August 27th. Instructors, O. G. Wilson, of Fairmont, and H. B. Work, of Lancaster, Penn. J. D. Muldoon, of Shepherdstown, will be instructor in music.

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HILLSBORO COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

The first number of the Hillsboro commencement exercises was the program given by the grade Friday night May 25. A very interesting history pageant, which reviewed our American history from the Revolution to the present time. The program concluded with a flag drill with "old glory" the center of attraction. The audience was aroused to a warm feeling of patriotism.

The class sermon was preached in the Methodist church by Rev. Mr. Kelley, of Greenbank. The subject was "Life's Challenge." The line of thought was most fitting for the graduates who are being put out to meet this challenge. The keynote was he purposed to do something useful for your community. Special music was rendered by the high school students.

Monday night the seniors gave "The Varsity Coach." This was the first class to give a Senior play; they should be commended for adding this new feature and doing it so well.

The eighth grade graduating exercises were held on Wednesday night. The seventh and eighth grades gave the choruses. Hon. Andrew Price of Marlinton, delivered the address "The Message to Garcia," which was received by an appreciative audience. The qualities which are required to carry a message was emphasized as well as the message. The following pupils received their eighth grade diplomas: Harold Elmore, Benton Smith, Bessie Taylor, Ramon May, Daphne Rhodes, Ernest Burr, Amy Payne, Lodie Kennison, Polly McNeel, Quinn Gum, Dave Kennison, Wardell Harper, Mary McNulty, Myrtle McNulty.

Thursday night H. K. Bonner, assistant state superintendent, delivered the address to the High school graduates, the subject, "How do You Spend Your Time" was well handled indeed. The importance of vocational guidance was emphasized. Frank Hill, with a few well chosen remarks, presented the diplomas to Clyde Grimes, Eva Beard, Guy Overholt, Miriam Hill, Ross Hufford, Bradford Grimes, Sherman Moore, Polly Sydenstricker, Lawrence Warren.

Among the many friends of the Hillsboro High school who attended commencement exercises last week were, Orlena Vaughan, who was a teacher at Holden the past year; Cornelia Marshall, of Sunrise; Charles Marshall, a student in a medical school in Baltimore; Hattie Hall, of Fairview; Annie Cokley, domestic science teacher in Kingwood High school; Brownie Levisay and Richard McLaughlin, Frankford; Goldie Nottingham, Boyer; Lynn Overholt, Elkins; Pearl Post, Belington. We are glad to see so many friends of the school manifest such an interest.

The former graduates from Hillsboro High School met on the evening of May 30 at the home of Dakota Kirk to form an alumni organization. The purpose of this organization is to keep alive the friendship already formed at Hillsboro High School and to create a warm feeling with the new student body. The association hopes to add much to the good school spirit already existing. They have as their aim for each alumnus to secure a new student each year. With such an organization as this to back the school, a very prosperous future is expected. All graduates of the school were back but three, who were at a distance and their work prevented their return. Since no special effort was put forth for this meeting, it shows better spirit and loyalty to the school. The coming senior classes are going to have "to hump" to be the center of attraction at commencement seasons.

The alumni will hold at least one business meeting and a social a year. An extra session of the organization was held to initiate the graduating class into the association. The meeting was made impressive and the nine graduates were heartily received as members.

The following officers were elected: Dakota Kirk, president; Carl Bruffey, vice-president; Orlena Vaughan, secretary; William Cackley, treasurer. Each class had representatives present: 1913, Bertha Overholt; 1914, Henry Beard, Dakota Kirk; 1915, Lynn Overholt, Glen Clark, William Cackley and Ruth Kline; 1916, Ralph Buckley, Marshall Fuller, Hubert Kidd, Cornelia Marshall; 1917, Guy Overholt, Ross Hufford, Clyde Kennedy, Sherman Moore, Eva Beard, Lawrence Warren, Miriam Hill, Bradford Grimes, Polly Sydenstricker.

Geo. H. Gay, of Elk, was here Tuesday and reports great devastation of the foliage of trees from "measuring" worms. There are millions of the worms and certain trees, like apple and hickory, are being denuded.

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